CHEAP REPOSITORY.

KING DIONYSIUS AND SQUIRE DAMOCLES;

A New Song on an Old Story.

Proper to be ſung at all Feaſts and Merry-makings.

Sold by J. MARSHALL, (Printer to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Moral and Religious Tracts) No. 17, Queen-Street, Cheapſide, and No. 4, Aldermary Church Yard; and R. WHITE, Piccadilly, LONDON.

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[*Entered at Stationers Hall.*]

KING DIONYSIUS, &c.

THERE was a Merchan man, Sir,
Belonging to a King,
And full it was his plan, Sir,
To cover every thing.

II.

And if you don't believe me,
I'll name his name, your place,
For 'tis not make-believe, Sir,
'Twas one Sp[illegible] Damocles.

III.

He thought that folly [illegible]
Must every joy afford,
And knew of no misgiving,
While round the festive board

KING DIONYSIUS, &c.

THERE was a heathen man, Sir,
Belonging to a king;
And ſtill it was his plan, Sir,
To covet every thing.

II.

And if you don't believe me,
I'll name him if you pleaſe,
For let me not deceive ye,
'Twas one Squire Damocles.

III.

He thought that jolly living
Muſt every joy afford,
And knew of no miſgiving,
While round the feſtive board.

IV.

He wanted to be great, Sir,
And fed on fare delicious;
And have his feasts in state, Sir,
Just like King Dionysius.

V.

The King, to cure his longing,
Prepar'd a feast so fine,
That all the Court were thronging
To see the Courtier dine.

VI.

And there to tempt his eye, Sir,
Was fish, and flesh, and fowl;
And when he was a-dry, Sir,
He had a brimming bowl.

VII.

Nor did the King forbid him
From drinking all he cou'd;
The Monarch never chid him
But fill'd him with his food.

VIII.

O, then, to ſee the pleaſure
Squire Damocles expreſt!
'Twas joy beyond all meaſure:
Was ever man ſo bleſt?

IX.

With greedy eyes the Squire
Devour'd each coſtly dainty;
You'd think he did aſpire
To eat as much as twenty.

X.

But juſt as he prepar'd, Sir,
Of bliſs to take his ſwing;
O, how the man was ſcar'd, Sir!
By this ſo crüel King!

XI.

When he to eat intended,
Lo! juſt above his head,
He ſpied a ſword ſuſpended
All by a ſingle thread.

XII.

How did it change the feaſting
To wormwood and to gall,
To think, while he was taſting,
The pointed ſword might fall.

XIII.

Then in a moment's time, Sir,
He loath'd the lufcious feaſt;
And dreaded as a crime, Sir,
The brimming bowl to taſte.

XIV.

Now, if you're for applying
The ſtory I have told;
I think there's no denying
'Tis worth its weight in gold.

XV.

Ye gay, who view this ſtranger,
And pity his ſad caſe;
And think there was great danger
In Damocles's caſe;

XVI.

Come let this aweful truth
In all your minds be ſtor'd;
That Death o'er every youth
Hangs like a pointed ſword.

XVII.

And tho' you ſee no reaſon,
To check your mirth at all;
In ſome ſad drunken ſeaſon
The ſword on you may fall,

XVIII.

So learn, while at your eaſe
You drink down draughts delicious;
To think of Damocles,
And old King Dionyſius.

Z.

THE END.